

**AMERICAN DRAGON**  
"BITE FATHER, BITE SON"  
(777A-227)

FADE IN:

INT. LIVING ROOM - DAY

Dad faces Jake, hands tucked furtively behind his back.

1 DAD

1

Happy Take Your Child to Work Day,  
Jakers! Just think: Father and  
son, side by side, sweatin' for  
their daily bacon.

He presents Jake with a gift-wrapped box.

2 JAKE

2

Um...what's this?

3 DAD

3

On the very first T-Y-C-Dubya Day,  
when caveman took caveboy to hunt  
brontosaurs, he furnished him with  
a crude spear. And thus I furnish  
thee with a tool thee can use in  
the wilds of wealth management.

(nods)

G'head. Open it.

Jake rips the wrapping: A keypad full of numbers.

4 JAKE

4

A calculator?

5 DAD

5

It's a compound-interest  
calculator! A financial planner's  
**weapon of mass deduction.**

\*\*  
\*\*

(studies Jake)

Say...you seem a little down in the  
dumpy. What's wrong, Jake  
Michigan?

6 JAKE

6

Nothing, Dad, it's just...Trixie  
**gets to spend the day** flying jet  
fighters with her dad...

\*\*  
\*\*

WHOOSH PAN TO:

INT. JET FIGHTER COCKPIT - DAY

TIGHT ON TRIXIE in an aviator's helmet. "RIDE OF THE VALKYRIES" blares as the atmosphere spins wildly.

She <SCREAMS> with joyful abandon.

7 TRIXIE  
WAH-HA-HA-HA-HA-HOOO!

8 JAKE (V.O.)  
...Spud's hangin' with his mom at  
**their restaurant**, Familio  
Festevedro's...

WHOOSH PAN TO:

INT. FAMILIO FESTEVEDRO'S - DAY

MRS. SPUDINSKI and SPUD bustle around a colorful dining hall. \*\*  
(It's Buca di Beppo meets Chuck E. Cheese.)

9 MRS. SPUDINSKI  
Five minutes to doors-open, Arthur!

10 SPUD (CONT'D)  
No worries, Mom. The tables are set, the candles are lit, and the Pizza Time Players are disinfected.

PULL BACK TO REVEAL - a stage full of ANIMATRONIC PAISANS twirling pizza dough. Spud squints at one of them, picking a final nit from its mustache.

Mrs. Spudinski beams back at him.

11 JAKE (V.O.)  
...even Brad's having fun.

## WHOOSH PAN TO:

INT. POLICE SQUAD CAR - DAY

BRAD rides shotgun with his DAD, a cop with a handlebar mustache (each wears a three-point seatbelt). Brad drums a nightstick on the dash.

12 BRAD  
Bradster and Dadster, on the beat.  
I dare any perps to perpetrate!

13 BRAD'S DAD  
So you like being a lawman, eh,  
Brad?

14 BRAD  
(attention deficient)  
Can I do the whoop-whoop again?

15 BRAD'S DAD  
(chuckling)  
Make 'er sing, son.

\* \*

Brad <BLARES THE POLICE SIREN>.

WHOOSH PAN TO:

INT. LIVING ROOM - BACK TO SCENE

16 JAKE  
No offense, but compared with all that, crunching numbers is kinda dull.

17 DAD  
Are you kiddin' me? We'll have a  
heckuva time! And in this family,  
when we work hard, we play hard.  
That's right...  
(leans in)  
...first thing tomorrow I'm takin'  
you to build sand castles on  
Rockaway Beach. You always loved  
that!

18 JAKE  
(under his breath)  
Yeah...when I was eight.

Dad turns to a row of photos on the mantle. He eyes a picture of a man and boy in leqgy early-'70s swim trunks.

19 DAD  
Your Grandpa Long took me there  
when I was a nipper...

He moves to the next photo: Dad and Young Jake in the '90s. Dad sports Vanilla Ice-style shaved eyebrows.

20 DAD (CONT'D)  
...I've taken you for years...

He reaches an empty frame.

21 DAD (CONT'D)  
...and someday, you'll go there  
with your boy-child.  
(turns back to Jake)  
Like father, like son.

21

PUSH IN on Jake as we FANTASY DISSOLVE TO...

MIDDLE-AGED JAKE on a beach, 30 YEARS HENCE.

His green highlights are frosted gray. He wears a pocket  
protector, rib-high jams and garters. He calls to a BOY in  
the water.

\*\*  
\*\*

22 JAKE  
High tide's a-comin', Jakeroonie  
Junior! Better paddle your saddle  
back to the ol' Daddle!

22

\*\*  
\*\*

BACK TO SCENE

Jake shudders at the image.

23 JAKE  
Aw, man...

23

SMASH TO:

\*\*  
\*\*

OPENING TITLES

ACT ONE

EXT. MANHATTAN BRIDGE - DAY

Morning gridlock on the bridge. A FUNERAL HEARSE weaves through traffic, led by an ominous hood ornament: a screech owl with fierce eyes.

CUT TO:

INT. HEARSE - DAY

A pale old woman (QUEEN LILIANA) lies outstretched in an open coffin, flanked by her redhead sons RADU and SANDU. A third son, NICU, drives the car.

Sandu presses his face to the HEAVILY-TINTED WINDOW.

24        SANDU

(Slavic accent)

Heyyyy! New York City! Home of  
Lady Liberty, baseball players with  
stripey pants, and Chicago-style  
pizza!

24

Nicu gestures grandly.

25        NICU

If I can make it here...I will make  
it everywhere!

25

The queen stirs.

26        QUEEN LILIANA

Enough, you mules!

26

They stop, cowed.

27        QUEEN LILIANA (CONT'D)

Do not forget our purpose here!  
Only the blood of the American  
Dragon...<coughs>...can sustain us.

27

Radu leans in close.

28        RADU

You'll excuse my brothers, Mama.  
You know how they love the NYC.  
(beat)  
Please, guide us to the beast.  
What do you see?

28

\*\*

Queen Liliana closes her eyes, stroking her temples.

We PULL WIDE as she receives a PSYCHIC VISION:

A milky CLOUD materializes above her head. In the cloud, we see AN IMAGE OF JAKE IN GYM CLOTHES.

29       QUEEN LILIANA

29

I see...the dragon's true form. He is human...masculine...with sharp, pointy hair.

In the cloud, the image of Jake DISSOLVES into a STREET ADDRESS: brass numbers against a sandstone wall.

30       QUEEN LILIANA (CONT'D)

30

(growing breathless)

We will find him at this address...one eighty-two...Shorn Eagle...Drive.

She <GASPS>. Her body seizes, then goes limp.

31       RADU

31

Sleep well, my queen. When you wake, you will drink from the dragon.

He smiles, revealing LONG, FANGY INCISORS.

SMASH CUT TO:

EXT. LONG BROWNSTONE - DAY

TIGHT on Dad in a sweatband.

32       DAD

32

Time to get the ol' blood pumpin'!

WIDER - He stands on the front lawn beside Jake, who's dressed in gym clothes.

33       DAD (CONT'D)

33

Nothin' like a little cardio before work to start the ticker tockin'.

Dad punches "PLAY" on a boombox, <BLARING BOUNCY JAZZ MUSIC>. He starts high-stepping to the beat.

Jake looks around, self-conscious.

34       JAKE

34

Dad...what are you doing?

35 DAD

It's called "Ju Jazzu." Lethal ground-fighting moves set to uptempo jazz standards. I'll show ya.

35

He strikes various poses.

36 DAD (CONT'D)

Widowmaker Punch. Monkey Steals the Peaches. Lotus Throat Strike. Buck and wing, buck and wing...and, jazz hands!  
 (points to Jake)  
 You try it!

36

As Dad begins a set of deep knee-bends, Jake hears the <RUSH> of an oncoming car.

37 JAKE

Aw, someone's gonna see me.

37

Panicked, he dives into a hedge as--

The hearse rolls into frame. Radu, Sandu and Nicu peer through the window.

FROM THEIR P.O.V. - Dad pops into view with wild, sweat-sculpted hair. Just behind him, a sign reads: "182 SHORN EAGLE DRIVE."

They study him. Radu turns to the others.

38 RADU

We have found him, brothers...the American Dragon.

38

SUBWAY MAP  
TRANSITION:

INT. DAD'S OFFICE - DAY

Dad *sweeps his arm across a vast honeycomb of cubicles.*

\*\*

39 DAD

Someday, boy, all this can be yours!

*(beat)*

*Well...this, anyway.*

39

\*\*  
\*\*

*He narrows his span to a single cubicle.*

\*\*

40      DAD	Nothin' fancy, just a few a-cooter- ments to brighten up my corner of the world.	40      ** ** ** **
He displays his desk toys.		**
41      DAD	Bobblehead kitten. Zen garden. Hula girl. (smiles slyly) Rude noisemaker.	41      ** ** ** ** **
He holds up an electronic device and presses a button, blasting a FOUL NOISE: <FFFRRAAAPPPTT!>. His CO-WORKERS crane their heads to find the culprit.		** ** **
42      DAD	(mock disgusted)	42      ** **
Eww, Jake!		**
(to co-workers)		**
Can you believe this guy?		**
Suddenly, we hear a THUNDERING VOICE.		
43      MR. LOCHGELLY (O.S.)	JONA-THAN!	43
Dad brightens.		
44      DAD	Ooh, it's the head cheese, Mr. Lochgelly.	44
MR. LOCHGELLY peers over their cube. He's a classic "heavy," thick neck and deep-set eyes.		
45      MR. LOCHGELLY (CONT'D)	You seemed to have missed my memo, Jonathan, so I'll read it to you.	45
He whips out a paper:		
46      MR. LOCHGELLY (CONT'D)	"Take Your Child to Work Day must NOT interfere with the daily doings of this company. All offspring will report to the copy room immediately, where they will be put to work collating documents."	46

47 JAKE 47

Whoa, hold up. I gotta make copies?

48 MR. LOCHGELLY 48

If it's good enough for my daughter, it's good enough for you.

49 DAD 49

Well, how 'bout it, Jakers? You willin' to do your part for the firm?

\*\*  
\*\*  
\*\*

Jake trudges off down the hall, <SIGHING HEAVILY>.

50 JAKE 50

(to himself)

Trading papercuts with Lochgelly Junior? Can this day get any lamer?

He rounds the corner into...

INT. COPY ROOM - CONTINUOUS

...where he comes face to face with a gorgeous, gum-snapping 15-year-old: MARNIE LOCHGELLY. She's making copies. \*\*

51 MARNIE 51

Hey. Marnie Lochgelly.

52 JAKE 52

Er...Jake. Jake Long.  
(eyeing the Xerox)  
So, what can I help you with?

\*\*  
\*\*  
\*\*

She hands him a stack of flyers from the tray -- ransom-note lettering and funky clip art. \*\*  
\*\*

53 MARNIE 53

Hmm...you can start by cutting these out. They're flyers for my party tonight.

\*\*  
\*\*  
\*\*

54 JAKE 54

Party?  
\*\*  
\*\*

55 MARNIE 55

(nods)

My dad's kind of a dweeb, but he's fair: He said if I put up with him today, the house is mine tonight.

\*\*  
\*\*  
\*\*  
\*\*

56 JAKE  
Ha, I think my dad's got yours beat  
in the "dweeb" department.

56

Just then, Dad ducks his head in. He presses a sheet of graph paper to his chin.

57 DAD  
(pirate voice)  
Yarrr, matey! 'Tis I, Spreadsheet Beard!

57

Marnie leans close to Jake.

\* \*

58 MARNIE  
Yup. You win.

58 \* \*  
\* \*

Jake stifles a <LAUGH>. Dad just grins, oblivious.

\* \*

59 LOCHGELLY (O.S.)  
JONA-THAN!

59

Lochgelly storms into view behind Dad.

60 LOCHGELLY (CONT'D)  
Some high-level executives from a major cosmetics firm just walked in, and for some reason...they're asking for you.

60

Lochgelly storms off. Dad hooks Jake's arm.

61 DAD  
C'mon, Jake. I want you to see the  
ol' man in action. 'Round here  
they call me "King Conference,  
eighth wonder of the all-purpose  
room!"

61

\* \*

\* \*

\* \*

\* \*

Dad skips off. Jake follows, stealing a glance back at Marnie. She offers a sympathetic wave.

\* \*

CUT TO:

TNT. CONFERENCE ROOM = DAY

\* \*

Jake sits on one side of a long table, stunned.

\* \*

REVERSE - Radu, Sandu and Nicu wear sunglasses and black leather dusters. They each hold an open umbrella, shielding them from the daylight. Dad approaches them.

62 DAD 62 \*\*  
 Can I take your coats, gentlemen?  
 Or your...umbrellas? \*\*

63 RADU 63  
 No, thank you, Mr. Long, we are  
 quite comfortable.

64 DAD 64 \*\*  
 Well, perhaps you'd care for a hot  
 beverage from our BrewHaHa 4000  
 Espresso Machine? \*\*

He walks over to a sleek ESPRESSO MACHINE in an alcove. He \*\*  
 taps the lever. \*\*

65 DAD 65 \*\*  
 Whaddya say, can I pull you boys a  
 shot? \*\*

66 RADU 66 \*\*  
 (glares pointedly at Jake)  
Actually, we were hoping to meet  
 with you privately, Mr. Long.  
 (beat) \*\*

Perhaps we could step out...for a  
 bite?

Dad glances at a wall clock. \*\*

67 DAD 67 \*\*  
 Well, it's a tad early for lunch,  
 don't you think?

68 JAKE 68  
 C'mon, Dad. A change of scenery's  
 always good. Especially if the  
 scenery's this office.  
 (grins)  
 Who likes Italian?

A <SPIRITED ACCORDION TUNE> sweeps us into...

INT. FAMILIO FESTEVEDRO'S - DAY

Spud is dressed as a gondolier: striped shirt, neckerchief  
 and boater hat. He greets Jake's party at the door.

69 SPUD 69 \*\*  
 Welcome to Familio  
 Festivedro's...where we'll never  
 let you frown! Would you signores  
 like a seat on the terrazzo? \*\*

70	NICU	70	**
Sure, that sounds--			
Radu smacks him over the head.		**	
71	RADU	71	
No!			
(to Spud)		**	
Ahem...my partners and I are...sensitive to the sunlight. We must insist on a booth indoors, away from any windows.		**	
72	SPUD	72	
(nods)			
Right this way.			
Spud leads them to a curtained booth, turning to Jake as they walk.		** **	
73	SPUD	73	**
Hey, Jake, isn't Take Your Child to Work Day the funnest holiday ever? I mean, besides Schmingus Dingus...		** ** ** **	
74	JAKE	74	**
Uh, well--		**	
75	MRS. SPUDINSKI (V.O.)	75	
Arthur!			
Spud spins around to find his mom, wringing her hands by the entrance. Jake ducks into his booth; Mrs. Spudinski pulls Spud into a sidebar.		** **	
76	MRS. SPUDINSKI	76	
I've just been informed that a very important V.I.P. is on his way here.			
77	SPUD	77	
Who's that, Ma?			
78	MRS. SPUDINSKI	78	
Only the most powerful foodie in the five boroughs...Judge Glamis Cutler!			
She holds up a newspaper. CLOSE ON a photo of GLAMIS CUTLER, a man in a powdered wig. His column is "FOOD COURT," with a graphic of a meat mallet pounding a cube steak.		**	

79      MRS. SPUDINSKI	79
He writes for <i>The Bugle</i> . A five-star review in "Food Court" could triple our business.	
80      SPUD	80
Copy that, Mom-inski. I'll be on this dude the minute he walks through that...	
She lowers the paper. Cutler's scowling photograph is replaced by--	
The actual Cutler, in the doorway with his telltale powdered wig. A 6-year-old boy, LEONARD, holds his hand.	
81      SPUD	81      **
...door.	
82      MRS. SPUDINSKI	82      **
Quick, Arthur...show him a table.	
Spud approaches, nervous.	
83      SPUD	83
Welcome to Familio Festivedro's, Your Lordship.	
84      JUDGE CUTLER	84
In honor of Take Your Child to Work Day, I've brought my son Leonard to help me review your establishment.	
Lenny's celebrating a birthday, aren't you, Lenny?	
(back to Spud)	
If he's happy, I'm happy.	
Spud stoops eye-level with the boy, who faces away from him.	
85      SPUD	85      **
Hey, champ. Ya like pizza pie?	
Leonard turns suddenly -- he's chillingly stone-faced.	
86      SPUD (CONT'D)	86
<nervous gulp>	
WHIP TO:	
INT. BOOTH - FAMILIO FESTEVEDRO'S - CONTINUOUS	
Jake and Dad sit across from Radu, Sandu and Nicu.	

Jake's eyes drift across the walls, covered with photos of (non-descript) Italian screen idols, boxers and opera tenors...

...and up to the mirrored ceiling.

ANGLE ON THE MIRROR - an overhead shot of Dad and Jake...with NO TRACE OF THEIR LUNCH GUESTS.

Jake <GASPS>.

Suddenly, Dad folds his menu shut.

87      DAD  
Well, you'll excuse me, fellas...I  
gotta visit the little **financial**  
**planners' room.**

87

\*\*  
\*\*

They nod, knowingly.

88      JAKE  
Yeah...**me too.**

88

\*\*

Jake scoots out of the booth, reaching for his cell phone.

CUT TO:

INT. GRANDPA'S SHOP - MOMENTS LATER

FU DOG paces the floor.

89      FU DOG  
Lemme get this straight, kid.  
These guys have carrot-red hair, no  
reflection, and hate the sun?

89

Fu closes his eyes. He lets out a pained <EXHALE>.

90      FU DOG  
Alright. I got an idea who your  
lunch guests are...but I could be  
wrong. I hope I am.

90

Fu pulls a journal from the shelf and opens it.

He runs his finger down a page, landing on a word: "STRIGOI."  
It appears as a MAGICAL HOTLINK, underlined and embossed. Fu touches it--

Releasing a 3-D HOLOGRAM OF A REDHEADED VAMPIRE WITH FANGS  
LIKE KNIVES.

91 FU DOG (CONT'D)  
(blanches)

91

Nope, I'm right. They're Strigoi.  
Curse my encyclopedic knowledge!

92 JAKE (ON PHONE)  
Strigoi? Never heard of 'em.

92

93 FU DOG  
Well, they're kinda like vampires.  
Except vampires feed on human  
blood, and Strigoi feed on,  
well...*yours*.

93

\*\*

CUT TO:

INT. GRANDPA'S SHOP - CONTINUOUS

Fu's hologram expands: An OLD WOMAN APPEARS beside the  
redheaded vampire. It's Queen Liliana.

94 FU DOG  
(into phone)

94

Their mother, Queen Liliana, has  
psychic visions that pinpoint the  
dragons' locations. They travel  
around the world, drinkin' dragons  
to keep themselves alive. When  
they've had their fill, they can  
walk freely in the daylight. When  
they're runnin' low, it might as  
well be 200 degrees in the shade.

CUT TO:

INT. FAMILIO FESTEVEDRO'S - CONTINUOUS

95 JAKE  
(into phone)

95

So...this whole cosmetics-company  
thing is just a *scam* to take a bite  
outta me?

\*\*

96 DAD (O.S.)  
Who ya talkin' to, Jakers?

96

Dad slaps a hand on Jake's shoulder. Jake flinches.

97 JAKE

97

Wha--? Oh, just-just Fu...*foot*.

\*\*

*My foot doctor.*

\*\*

(into phone)

\*\*

(MORE)

\*\*

JAKE (CONT'D)

So, you say a topical cream should  
stop the itching?

\*\*  
\*\*

98 DAD

Yipes. Well, don't be long. Our  
guests are famished.

98

\*\*  
\*\*

99 JAKE

(muttering)  
So I heard.

99

Dad heads back to the booth.

100 JAKE (CONT'D)

(into phone)

What am I supposed to do, Fu? I  
can't dragon up around Dad.

100

\*\*

101 FU DOG (OVER PHONE)

Think, kid. Is there any way of  
gettin' him away from those  
bloodsuckers? Some  
kinda...distraction?

101

\*\*  
\*\*

As if on cue, the kitchen door swings open.

Spud marches out in a ruffled, Pagliacci-style clown suit,  
<CRASHING> a pair of shiny cymbals.

\*\*

The rest of the WAIT STAFF trail after him, <CLAPPING> to his  
beat. Mrs. Spudinski carries a flaming birthday cake.  
Another WAITER thumps a <BASS DRUM>.

\*\*

Spud leads the group to Leonard. He launches into a frenzied  
serenade:

102 SPUD

(singing)

We heard it was your birthday  
It's birthday time for you  
And since it is your birthday  
We'll sing a song for you

102

BACK ON JAKE - Fu's voice shouts through Jake's receiver.

103 FU DOG (ON PHONE)

Sheesh, what's all that racket?

103

Jake's face brightens.

104 JAKE

(into phone)

Our distraction.

104

He snaps the phone shut. As Spud and friends march around the room-- \*\*

RESTAURANT PATRONS drop their silverware and begin <CLAPPING>.

A CONGA LINE forms. Dad, swept up in the dance fever, rises from his booth and joins in the fun. The Strigoi watch him go, helpless.

Jake seizes his opportunity. He dashes into the booth, and rips the curtain shut behind him--

Shrouding them from view. Jake narrows his eyes at the Strigoi.

105 JAKE (CONT'D) 105  
Alone at last. This'll be fun.  
(puffing out his chest)  
Drag--

106 RADU 106  
(to Sandu/Nicu)  
Hurry! The dragon is getting away!

They clamor past Jake, completely ignoring him.

107 JAKE 107  
Um...okay.

Jake lifts the curtain to see the vampires moving towards Dad. But they're penned in on all sides by the <CLAPPING>, <HOOTING> throng. Jake's dumbfounded. He dials his cell. \*\*

108 JAKE (CONT'D) 108  
(into phone)  
Yo, Fu? They're after the American  
Dragon, alright... \*\*

The music <SWELLS> to a crescendo. The staff surrounds the Cutler table, mugging for young Leonard. Spud drops to his knees for the big finish.

109 SPUD 109  
(singing)  
We wish you Happy Birthday  
We hope you stay a while  
And all that we require  
Is just a little SMILE

Spud squeezes his bicycle horn. HUH-HONK! HUH-HONK!

BACK ON JAKE - He finishes his thought.

110 JAKE  
(*into phone*)

...but they think it's Dad.

110

\*\*

ON SPUD - His bulbous clown nose inches from Leonard's face. \*\*

<SILENCE>. Leonard stares. Unblinking. Unsmiling. \*\*

Sweat streaks down Spud's face.

CUT TO:

JAKE AND SPUD IN SPLIT-SCREEN - both mortified.

111 JAKE/SPUD

Aw, man...

111

FADE OUT.

END ACT ONE

ACT TWO

INT. FAMILIO FESTEVEDRO'S - DAY - RESTABLISH

Jake watches as Radu, Sandu and Nicu muscle their way through the <CLAPPING> crowd, heading straight for Dad.

112 JAKE  
Dad, watch out!

112

But Dad's lost in the revelry, clapping vigorously.

Just as the vampires near him, fangs bared--

Spud draws back his cymbals...

...unwittingly bouncing REFLECTED DAYLIGHT into their eyes. \*\*

113 RADU/SANDU/NICU  
(blinded)  
Eecch! Sunlight!

113

\*\*

114 RADU  
Quickly, brothers - retreat!

114

They open their umbrellas and file out the exit.

115 LOCHGELLY (V.O.)  
What do you mean, they just left?

115

SMASH TO:

INT. LOCHGELLY'S OFFICE - DAY

Dad relays the events to a fuming Lochgelly.

116 DAD  
Upside is, we saved the company a  
whopper of a lunch tab. Those  
fellas were eyein' the veal  
scalloppini.  
(beat)  
Plus, they rescheduled for later  
tonight. Said somethin' about  
meeting "just after sunset."  
(shrugs)  
Guess they're still on Transylvania  
time.

116

\*\*

We FLOAT outside into the...

INT. COPY ROOM - CONTINUOUS

...where Jake and Marnie sit on adjoining photocopiers. Jake \*\*  
snips out a final flyer and sets it on a tall stack. \*\*

117 JAKE 117 \*\*  
Finished. That's two hundred. \*\*

118 MARNIE 118 \*\*  
Actually, one ninety-nine. \*\*

She hands him one. \*\*

119 MARNIE 119 \*\*  
That's yours. \*\*  
(coyly) \*\*  
So...will I see you there tonight? \*\*

Jake blushes.

120 JAKE 120 \*\*  
Sure, I'd love-- \*\*  
(winces)  
Wait, I can't. I gotta save my  
dad. \*\*  
(catches himself) \*\*  
Uh, save some time...for my dad. \*\*

Marnie <SIGHS>, bummed. \*\*

121 MARNIE 121 \*\*  
Don't you think you done enough  
father-son bonding for one day? \*\*

122 JAKE 122 \*\*  
I've done enough for a lifetime. \*\*  
The whole day, my dad's been  
saying: "When you grow up, Jakeroo,  
you'll be just like me." As if  
that's a good thing. \*\*

Just then, Dad steps into the door frame behind Jake. Marnie sees him and stiffens.

123 MARNIE 123  
Jake?

124 JAKE 124  
(unloading)  
Plus, my name's Jake. Not "Jake-O-Lantern," not "Philly Cheese Jake," not "The Junior Senator From the Great State of Jake-ansas." \*\*  
(MORE) \*\*

JAKE (CONT'D)  
 (off Marnie's look)  
 What's wrong?

He turns, finding Dad in the doorway, head hung low.

125	JAKE (CONT'D)	125
Dad. Sorry, I-I was just--		
126	DAD	126
Hey, that's okay, Jaker-- Jacob. Heck, I used to think my old man was a square too. I s'pose dissin' your dad's a part of being a teenager.		** **

He glances at his wrist (he's not wearing a watch).

127	DAD (CONT'D)	127
Jeeps, look at the time. I gotta vamoose.		

Dad **slouches** down the hall. Off Jake's conflicted look, we-- \*\*

CUT TO:

INT. FAMILIO FESTEVEDRO'S - DAY

Spud mugs for Leonard, increasingly desperate.

128	SPUD	128
Check it out, Lenny! I'm a boneless chicken!		** **

Spud collapses to the ground, flailing his rubbery limbs. \*\*

129	SPUD	129
(clucking)		** **
Bocka-bocka-bah-bock!		**

He looks at Leonard. Still deadpan. Judge Cutler dabs his mouth with a napkin. \*\*

130	JUDGE CUTLER	130
Check, please.		

Spud trades a glance with Mrs. Spudinski, observing from behind the counter.

131	SPUD	131
No! Wait! You like parlor tricks, Leonard? <b>Spud the Spudnificent</b> will now remove this tablecloth without disturbing <b>your dinnerware</b> .		** **
(to Judge Cutler)		
(MORE)		

SPUD(CONT'D)

Simple physics, really. Objects at rest tend to stay at rest.

He grabs a corner of their checkered tablecloth...

132 SPUD (CONT'D)

And a-one, and a-two...and a-THREE!

132

...and yanks--

Sending dishes, utensils, sugar packets and flowers HURLING THROUGH THE AIR. They <CLANG> and <SHATTER> on the ground.

After an awkward beat...

133 SPUD (CONT'D)

I hate physics.

133

\*\*

134 JUDGE CUTLER

(rising)

We've seen enough.

134

135 SPUD

No! DON'T GO!

135

CUT TO:

INT. JUDGE CUTLER'S CAR - MOMENTS LATER

Judge Cutler starts his car, with Leonard buckled into the seat beside him.

Spud presses his nose to the passenger window, flaring his nostrils.

136 SPUD

Look, Leonard! I'm Monkey Boy!

136

\*\*

He scratches his armpits like an orangutan.

137 SPUD (CONT'D)

<monkey noises>

137

Judge Cutler floors the gas. The car pulls away...with Leonard's poker face the last thing we see.

Mrs. Spudinski joins Spud in the street, forlorn.

\*\*

138 MRS. SPUDINSKI (CONT'D)

I could just scream...

138

\*\*

SMASH TO:

## INT. JET FIGHTER COCKPIT - DAY

TIGHT ON TRIXIE in the plane, rocketing through the wild blue yonder.

139 TRIXIE  
(ecstatic)  
WAHOOO! WA-HA-HA-HAAAA!

Suddenly a fist appears, calmly **<KNOCKING>** on the cockpit.

140 TRIXIE'S DAD (O.S.)  
Trix? Honey? I'm glad you like  
the flight simulator...but it's  
time to let the Air Force take a  
turn.

139

\* \*

WE PULL BACK to reveal Trixie's in a FLIGHT SIMULATOR.  
Behind TRIXIE'S DAD, a long line of AIR FORCE CADETS waits,  
shifting impatiently.

\* \*

\* \*

Trixie scowls at them.

\* \*

141 TRIXIE  
(through glass)  
Tell 'em to keep their jumpsuits  
on!

141

1

**DISSOLVE TO:**

INT. GRANDPA'S SHOP - NIGHT

Grandpa and Fu counsel Jake.

\* \*

142 FU DOG  
The Strigoi are expert dragon slayers, kid. They've iced your compadres all over the globe.

142

\* \*  
\* \*  
\* \*

143 JAKE  
Yeah? Well, these punks never met the AmDrag.

143

\* \*

Fu produces a thick dossier.

144 FU DOG (CONT'D)  
Tell that to the FranDrag...

144

He pulls out a photo of a DRAGON standing in front of the Eiffel Tower. It's stamped "SLAIN."

145 FU DOG (CONT'D)  
...the CanDrag...

145

\* \*

Next photo, a DRAGON dressed as a Canadian mountie: "SLAIN." \*\*

146 FU DOG (CONT'D) 146  
...and the AzerbaijanDrag. \*\*

Last photo: a DRAGON in a sheepskin coat and hat. "SLAIN." \*\*

147 FU DOG 147 \*\*  
That's why we're sendin' you in \*\*  
with a secret weapon... \*\*

Fu produces an open pouch full of sparkling granules. \*\*

148 FU DOG 148 \*\*  
Solar sand. It's the latest in \*\*  
"instant sunshine." Just blow a \*\*  
little fire on these beauties. \*\*  
Once they reach the right \*\*  
temperature, boom -- those pasty \*\*  
punks'll get the suntan of their \*\*  
lives. \*\*

149 GRANDPA 149 \*\*  
But use caution, Dragon. You \*\*  
father must not see your magic. \*\*

150 JAKE 150 \*\*  
(smiles)  
I got it covered, G. While I'm \*\*  
fighting vampires, Dad'll be \*\*  
fighting the law. \*\*

He holds up a nest of automotive wires.

151 JAKE (CONT'D) 151  
Driving with a busted tail light?  
That's a moving violation.

SMASH CUT TO:

INT. POLICE SQUAD CAR - NIGHT

Brad and his father in the cruiser. Brad's dad catches sight  
of a PASSING CAR.

PUNCH IN ON its tail lights: One lit, one dark. \*\*

152 BRAD'S DAD 152 \*\*  
Well, well.  
(beat)  
Guess that anonymous tip was solid:  
Brown sedan, local plates, and an  
"I Heart AM Radio" bumper sticker. \*\*

Brad flips the <SIREN>.

153 BRAD  
(over loudspeaker)  
Pull it over, longhair!

153

INT. DAD'S CAR - CONTINUOUS

Dad squints at the <FLASHING LIGHTS> in his rear-view mirror.

154 DAD  
(cursing)  
Oh, fiddle-faddle.

154

We TILT UP past Dad's car to the night sky, where--

\*\*

Dragon Jake sails over the city...

\*\*

EXT. DAD'S OFFICE - NIGHT

\*\*

...and lands atop Dad's office building.

\*\*

CUT TO:

\*\*

INT. CONFERENCE ROOM - DAD'S OFFICE - NIGHT

A pair of elevator doors <BING> open, REVEALING--

Queen Liliana, fast asleep.

155 QUEEN LILIANA  
<long, ripping snores>

155

PULL WIDE - She's seated in a wheelchair, flanked by Radu, Sandu and Nicu. Radu whispers to her as he pushes the chair through the hallway.

156 RADU  
Soon, my queen, you will be  
restored to your former vigor...

156

He wheels her through a set of double doors, into--

INT. CONFERENCE ROOM - DAD'S OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

A spacious, ornate room with a large picture window. A stunning view of the skyline.

157 RADU  
...nourished by the sweet nectar of  
dragon blood.

157

158 JAKE (O.S.) 158  
 Yeah, about that...

At the far end of a long table, a chair swivels around. It's Dragon Jake.

159 JAKE (CONT'D) 159  
 The only nourishment you're getting  
 from me is a knuckle sandwich...  
 (leaping to his feet)  
 ...with a side of smack n' cheese.  
 \*\*  
 \*\*  
 \*\*

160 RADU 160  
 The dragon!

The Strigoi surround the table, triangulating Jake's chair.

They let out a <HISS> like striking pythons--  
 Fangs and fingernails tripling in length--  
 And pounce from all sides. Jake rockets upward.  
 The Strigoi <CRACK> heads, landing with a--  
 <THUD> on the tabletop.

161 RADU/SANDU/NICU 161  
 <grunts>

Jake hovers mid-air, <CHUCKLING> at the hapless trio.

162 JAKE 162  
 Wow. This is too easy.

The brothers come to, shaking off the impact.

163 JAKE (CONT'D) 163  
 You know, for big-shot dragon  
 exterminators...  
 \*\*

Nicu swipes at his feet, but Jake dodges him effortlessly.

164 JAKE (CONT'D) 164  
 ...your game's kinda weak.

Sandu charges at Jake. Jake grabs hold of a chandelier above his head and swings himself into Sandu's chest--

THWONK! Socking him with both feet. Sandu collapses to the ground.

165 SANDU 165

<impact grunt>

166 JAKE 166

It's time to wrap this up...with my  
secret weapon.

\*\*  
\*\*

Jake whips out the solar sand. Behind him, Radu raises himself up on his haunches. \*\*

167 RADU 167

Funny. That's just what I was thinking... \*\*  
\*\*

Jake turns to find-- \*\*

Radu clutching a braided lock of white-blonde hair, tied to the end of a spike. \*\*  
\*\*

SNAP-ZOOM on Jake. The cockiness drains from his face.

168 JAKE 168

(softly)  
Sphinx hair.

169 RADU 169

In our native tongue, it is known as "Talisman Killdragonosa."

170 NICU 170 \*\*  
\*\*

(brightly)  
Available commercially as "Dragon Begone."

Jake's posture wilts. The sand pouch slips from his hand-- \*\*  
And drops to the floor. \*\*

Sandu and Nicu spring at him, each seizing an arm. Radu steps closer. He drags the Sphinx hair along Jake's forehead. \*\*

171 RADU (CONT'D) 171

Can you feel your power fading...your vitality leaking out?  
In seconds, you'll be helpless.  
Lifeless. Like a floppy...little...

Jake's head droops.

172 RADU (CONT'D) 172

... "drag doll."

173 SANDU  
 Please, Radu, may I finish him?  
 Please-please-please-please?

174 RADU  
 Be my guest.

Sandu positions Jake, then grabs the chandelier, swings back, delivering a hard kick with his boots--

Sending Jake flying through the double doors.

FOOM!

Jake hits the corridor wall, POPPING TO HUMAN FORM ON IMPACT. The doors swing shut before the Strigoi can glimpse Human Jake.

BACK TO THE STRIGOI

175 RADU (CONT'D)  
 What was that?

176 SANDU  
 A Flying Chandy Kick.  
 (off their look)  
 What? He did it to me.

As they bicker, we--

CUT TO:

INT. HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

Jake stirs, regaining consciousness. He rubs his head.

\*\*

177 JAKE  
 <woozy groan>

FROM HIS HAZY P.O.V., we see:

A blurry figure approaching from a distance. A suit and tie. Glasses. The figure bends down. A familiar voice.

178 DAD (O.S.)  
 Jake?

He swims into focus: It's Dad.

179 DAD (CONT'D)  
Jake...who hurt you?

179

\*\*

We hear <ACKLING>.

Dad's head whips to the conference room. His expression steels.

180 DAD (CONT'D)  
Stay here, son.

180

Jake's eyes widen.

181 JAKE  
No! Dad!

181

Too late. KA-THUNK! Dad kicks open the doors with his heel. The Strigoi are startled.

182 RADU  
Back so soon?

182

Radu looks him up and down.

183 RADU (CONT'D)  
I suppose you think the Sphinx hair  
is useless against your human form.  
A common mistake.

183

Radu waves the Sphinx hair across his face.

184 DAD  
You...you hurt my Jake. Nobody  
does that.

184

185 RADU  
You named your dragon self "Jake"?

185

Nicu leans close, confiding in Dad.

\*\*

186 NICU  
(whispers)  
Don't let him tease you. I named  
my fangs "Lefty" and "Bitey."

186 \*\*  
\*\*  
\*\*  
\*\*

ON JAKE - With great effort, he army-crawls into the doorway. Still weakened by the Sphinx hair, he rasps in a barely audible voice:

187 JAKE  
Dad...no...

187

The Strigoi surround Dad, gnashing their fangs.

FADE OUT.

END ACT TWO

ACT THREE

INT. CONFERENCE ROOM - NIGHT - RE-ESTABLISH

The Strigoi close in on Dad, <HISSING> menacingly.

**TIGHT ON JAKE** - He squeezes his eyes shut. He hears the first blow. <BASH!> The second. <SMASH!> The third. <CRASH!>

\*\*

Jake opens an eye to find--

Dad in his Ju Jazzu warrior stance...

...with Radu, Sandu and Nicu writhing on the floor.

188 RADU/SANDU/NICU  
<pained groans>

188

**Jake can't believe it.**

\*\*

189 JAKE  
D-Dad?

189

The brothers struggle to their feet. Jake looks on in concern.

190 JAKE (CONT'D)  
Dragon...up.

190

**Nothing.** He grits his teeth, summoning all his strength.

\*\*

191 JAKE (CONT'D)  
Dragon. Up.

191

**SCALES FLICKER FAINTLY** along his arm...then VANISH.

\*\*

BACK IN THE CONFERENCE ROOM - **Dad thwarts Sandu's attack with a windmill block.** Sandu hisses at Radu.

\*\*

\*\*

192 SANDU  
I don't understand...the Sphinx  
hair has no effect!

192

\*\*

\*\*

Frustrated, he stabs the spike into the conference table.

\*\*

**ON JAKE** - His eyes drift from the Sphinx hair...to the pouch of solar sand just under the table.

\*\*

\*\*

BACK TO CONFERENCE ROOM

In a flurry of moves, Dad disposes of Sandu--

POW!

Then Nicu--

WHAM!

Then Radu...

...catches Dad's leg.

193 DAD  
<yelp>

193

He's suddenly vulnerable. Radu flips Dad backward. He lands \*\* with an <OOF!> on his back.

The vampires surround Dad. They have a ravenous look in their eyes, like carrion crows with fresh roadkill.

Jake watches through the door.

194 JAKE  
Dad!

194

With all his might, Jake **crawls for the solar sand**. He \*\* reaches out-- \*\*

195 JAKE (CONT'D)  
<straining>

195

His fingers close around it. He draws a <DEEP BREATH> and \*\* brings it to his lips. He attempts to blow fire... \*\*

196 JAKE  
<wheezing>

196

\*\*  
\*\*

...but only coughs a WISP OF SMOKE. The Sphinx hair is too \*\* powerful. Jake searches the room-- \*\*

Settling on the BrewHaHa 4000 Espresso Machine. He smiles \*\* weakly. \*\*

**THROUGH THE DOORWAY** - Radu wheels **in** a comatose Queen Liliana \*\* to Dad's body, slumped face-down on the carpet.

197 RADU  
Awake, my queen. We have delivered  
the American Dragon. Let the feast  
begin.

197

\*\*

CLOSE ON QUEEN LILIANA - Her eyes flutter open.

She looks down and grasps Dad **by the collar**. \*\*

**ACROSS THE ROOM** - Jake pulls **himself to his feet**, facing the-- \*\*



Flooding the room with SUNLIGHT. \*

The Strigoi throw their hands over their eyes... \*

205 STRIGOI  
NOOOO!!!

205

\*\*

...then <POOF>, one by one, into FOUR PILES OF ASH. \*

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. DAD'S CUBICLE - LATER

\*\*

Grandpa and Jake attend to Dad, who's propped unconscious in a swivel chair. Grandpa swabs Dad's lips with a magic elixir.

\*\*

\*\*

206 GRANDPA

206

This elixir should restore your father to full health.

207 JAKE

207

Hey, Gramps...shouldn't we wipe his memory while we're at it?

208 GRANDPA

208

(shakes his head)

No need. When he wakes, your father will only recall a strange meeting with aggressive, out-of-town clients.

209 JAKE

209

Yeah, but, see...I said some stuff to Dad I kinda wanna erase.

(softly)

I said I didn't wanna be like him.

Grandpa rises.

210 GRANDPA

210

Jake...do you know why you were chosen as the American Dragon?

Jake sits up, listening intently.

211 GRANDPA (CONT'D)

211

It is true, your dragon powers come from your mother...but the Dragon Council considers both parents. Your human father may be a bit, well... \*

\*\*

\*\*

(MORE)

GRANDPA (CONT'D)

odd, but he is also courageous,  
kind and honest. An example for  
you to follow.

\*\*

Grandpa turns and exits. Jake studies his Dad.

\*\*

212 JAKE  
Dad? Time to wake up...

212 \*\*  
\*\*

He casts his eyes around the cubicle. He grabs the  
electronic noisemaker and holds it to Dad's ear.

\*\*  
\*\*

<FFFRRRAAAPPTT!>

\*\*

Dad <CHUCKLES> as if waking from a funny dream.

\*\*

213 DAD  
Heh-heh. Someone's been hittin'  
the three-bean salad...  
(eyes flutter open)  
Oh...hey there, Jakerino. I  
mean...Jake.

213 \*\*  
\*\*  
\*\*  
\*\*  
\*\*  
\*\*

He sits up wearily.

\*\*

214 DAD  
So...what were you doing here  
tonight?

214 \*\*  
\*\*

215 JAKE  
Are you kidding? I couldn't resist  
seein' "King Conference" in action.

215 \*\*

Jake cell phone <RINGS>.

\*\*

216 JAKE (CONT'D)  
One sec, Dad.  
(into phone)  
Yo.

216 \*\*

INTERCUT - JAKE AND MARNIE ON PHONE

Marnie stands on her porch. The last of the PARTYGOERS file  
past her.

\*\*  
\*\*

217 MARNIE  
Hey, Jake. You missed a killer  
party tonight.

217 \*\*  
\*\*

218 JAKE  
(lights up)  
Hi, Marnie. Yeah, about that, I--

218 \*\*  
\*\*  
\*\*

219 MARNIE  
 I don't want an apology...just a  
 raincheck. What are you doing  
 tomorrow?

219 \*\*  
 \*\*  
 \*\*  
 \*\*

Jake hesitates. He looks up at Dad, who straightens his tie.

220 JAKE (CONT'D)  
 I'm so sorry, Marnie...I've kinda  
 got other plans.  
 (listening)  
 Yeah. You too. Later.

220 \*\*  
 \*\*  
 \*\*  
 \*\*

Jake shuts his phone and rises.

221 JAKE  
 Well, Dad, we better rest up for  
 tomorrow...we got a big day at  
 Rockaway Beach.

221 \*\*  
 \*\*  
 \*\*

Dad turns. Off his thrilled expression, we...

DISSOLVE TO:

\*\*

EXT. SPUDINSKI HOME - NEXT DAY

\*\*

Spud and Mrs. Spudinski sit on the front stoop, bathrobes tied over their pajamas.

Spud squints at something off-screen. He rises.

\*\*

222 SPUD  
 Incoming!

222 \*\*

A PAPERBOY (with a helmet) cycles up on a bike and chuck's the morning paper at their feet. Spud snatches it up.

223 MRS. SPUDINSKI  
 Okay...what's the damage?

223 \*\*

Spud flips to the food section and skims the page.

224 SPUD  
 Here we go -- "Food Court."  
 Familio Festevedro's gets...  
 (his face falls)  
 ...two and a half stars.

224 \*\*  
 \*\*  
 \*\*

225 MRS. SPUDINSKI  
 I knew it.

225 \*\*

226 SPUD  
 Aw, Mom...I'm sorry I let you down.

226

227 MRS. SPUDINSKI	227	**
Nonsense, Arthur. Your effort was worth all the stars in the sky.		
Who cares about some professional face-stuffer and his silly column?		** **

She pulls him into a tight hug. Over her shoulder...Spud glances at the paper.

228 SPUD	228	**
Uh...Mom? I think the Judge's scale is <u>three</u> stars.		**

229 MRS. SPUDINSKI	229	**
Wha--? Give me that!		**

Mrs. Spudinski grabs the paper. \*\*

230 MRS. SPUDINSKI	230	**
Two and a half out of three?		**
That's-- That's like an A minus!		**

231 SPUD (reading)	231	**
Cutler writes, "Familio Festevedro's is a treasure...we were truly charmed by our high- energy waiter. My son Leonard was recovering from a root canal, and due to a high dose of muscle relaxant, couldn't smile or eat solid foods. But when we got home, he exclaimed..."		** **

WHOOSH PAN TO:

INT. CUTLER HOME - DAY

CLOSE ON LEONARD - still creepily devoid of facial movement. He mouths the following in Spud's voice:

232 SPUD (V.O.)	232	
...Papa, this was the best day of my life."		

ACOUSTIC GUITAR MUSIC carries us into...

A FATHER-SON MONTAGE - ROCKAWAY BEACH

--Dad smooths a sand castle with the back of a plastic shovel.

Well behind Dad, Jake whistles to passing FAIRIES, who surround him. He gestures to the castle. The fairies nod and zip away...

...returning with tiny flags, posting them in every turret. Dad looks up, charmed.

--Dad and Jake pedal up a steep incline on a bicycle built for two. Dad, in the front seat, strains to make it over the hump.

Jake sucks a deep, flaming breath and BACKFIRES OUT HIS REAR, propelling them up the hill.

Dad shrugs: Guess I got a second wind.

--BACK ON THE PIER -- Jake has fallen asleep waiting for a bite on his fishing line.

Dad reels in a fish. He quietly hooks the fish on Jake's line, then nudges Jake awake: You got a live one there. Jake holds it up, proud.

--Father and son walk the length of the coast.

As they near, Dad DISSOLVES into ADULT JAKE... \*\*

...and Jake DISSOLVES into JAKE'S FUTURE SON. \*\*

Jake drapes his arm over the boy's shoulder as they disappear into the horizon.

FADE OUT.

END SHOW